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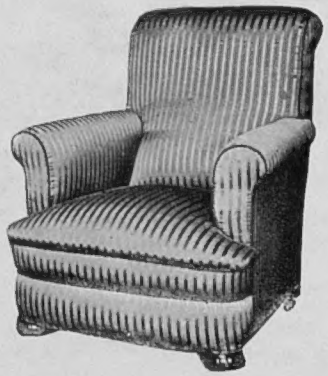
OVER 100 MODELS TO SELECT FROM

The "Barclay" Easy Chair, deep Spring Seat, covered in Tissue **£3:15:0**



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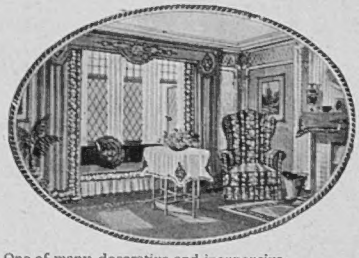

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Well-upholstered. Covered in Cotton, with Loose Cover in Cretonne, **£4 12 6**

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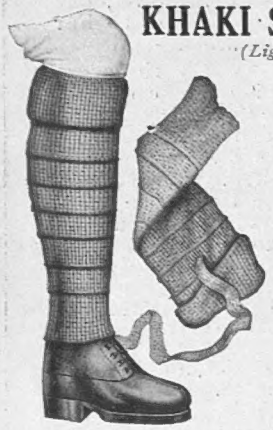

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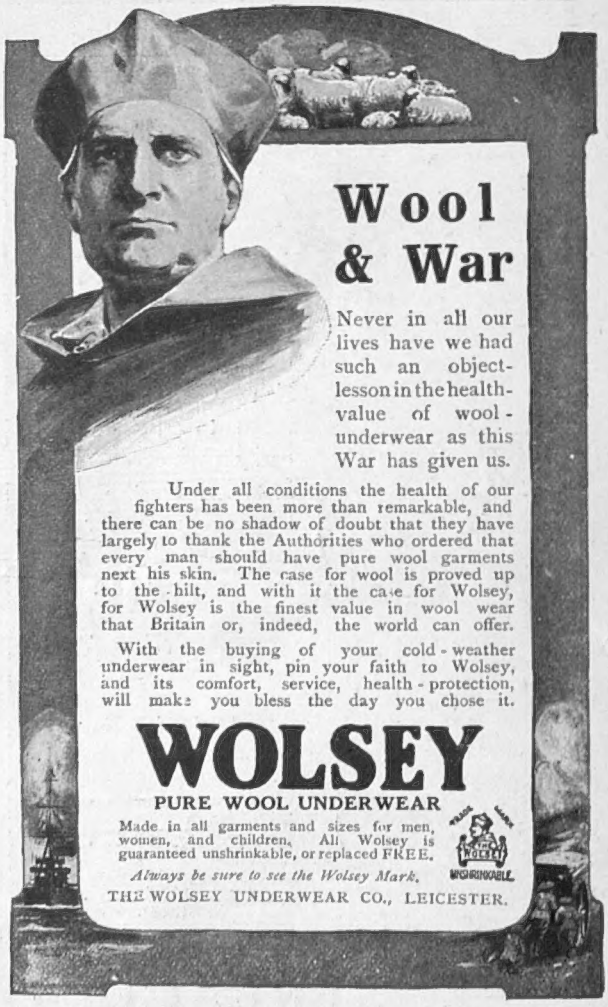

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Under all conditions the health of our fighters has been more than remarkable, and there can be no shadow of doubt that they have largely to thank the Authorities who ordered that every man should have pure wool garments next his skin. The case for wool is proved up to the hilt, and with it the case for Wolsey, for Wolsey is the finest value in wool wear that Britain or, indeed, the world can offer.

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Always be sure to see the Wolsey Mark.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

The Bystander, October 20, 1915.—No. 620. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

BREACH OF COPYRIGHT

British submarines have sunk fifteen German steamers in the Baltic during the past ten days

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EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale."

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Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE in New Ballet "THE DANCER'S ADVENTURE," WILKIE BARD, HELEN HAYE, O. B. CLARENCE & CO. in "THE NEW WORD," by J. M. BARRIE, WILL EVANS, Mlle. RATMIROVA, M. DUBIN & "Vanya," FRANK VAN HOVEN. 7541 Ger.

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Two Performances Daily, 6 and 9.
Matinée, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s. and £1 1s.
Fred Karno's Revue "Hot and Cold," Miss Margaret Cooper, George Robey, Miss Daisy James, Miss Constance Drever, Guilly and Jeanny, Takio, etc.

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EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, SATURDAYS, at 2.
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A New Comedy by ARTHUR PINERO.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IRENE VANBRUGH.
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Matinée, Every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.

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(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
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"SUFFERING THRO' NO FAULT OF THEIR OWN."
SPECIAL DONATIONS EARNESTLY PLEADED FOR.
HY. J. EASON, *Secretary.*

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A new Educational system. A school adapted for the outdoor Education of Boys and Girls between ages of 6 and 12 years. In addition to all ordinary school subjects the curriculum comprises instruction in Poultry, Dairy, Garden, Bees, Home, Crafts, Dogs, etc. Competitive examinations are held each term. Boys prepared for Preparatory School. Apply for prospectus, Miss Le Patourel, Crosby-on-Eden, Cumberland.

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CRAIGSIDE HYDRO
AN IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
Russian, Turkish and Sea-water Baths.
COVERED TENNIS COURT.
Golf Links near.
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The above three hotels are newly built and offer every modern comfort and convenience. Lifts, Baths (Hot and Cold), Electric Light, Best Cuisine, Perfect Sanitation.

NOT IN THE BUDGET.
Nearly everything you buy nowadays has gone up enormously in price, either through taxation or other causes. The high prices of food compel economy, but it is unwise to buy cheap food of poor quality. If you have to buy less meat or fish you must find a reliable substitute. One of the few articles which has not advanced in price since the outbreak of war is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. Here is something delicious and nourishing: eat plenty of it—your food will then cost you less and your health will benefit. This is wise economy. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese are sold by Grocers and Dairymen at 6½d. each.

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

CLOSES NEXT WEEK, October 27.

Write to the Editor of "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C., for a copy of our

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50.

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

N.B.—The last date for entering has been extended to October 27.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

THE ZEPPELIN RED HERRING

Recognised at Last

THE Zeppelins are to be congratulated; they succeeded in blowing the London district clean out of the Eastern Counties. For the first time in the official reports we ceased to be rural East Anglians, and we read of the damage to London with the sense that we were, after all, some city. Allusion was actually made to the existence herein of "public buildings," none of which, of course, were damaged. All we are now awaiting is the interview, in an American paper, with the commander of the ship, in which we shall be told exactly what he did, where he did it, and why—unless, for this once, the Censor has a sudden accession of sense.

***

Picturesque Imagery

Zeppelins have been variously described by those who have seen them—that is to say, by the entire population of the capital city. "Sausage" accounts for two and a half millions, "cigar" for another two and a half, "silver pencil" for a million, and "threepenny marrow" for one greengrocer discovered by the *Daily Chronicle*.

***

In the Nick of Time

I haven't heard one person describe a Zeppelin as a red-herring. Yet that is precisely what it was last week, across the trail of our national curiosity. It came across London just on the very day when the good and blessed Government wanted us not to be too closely interested in its good and blessed doings. To be able to placard the town with "AIR RAID" and thus to absorb our attention was positively a godsend to Count Zeppelin's very good and blessed friend, Sir Edward Grey, whose diplomatic methods are held in even higher esteem in Germany than they are in Britain.

***

A Lucky Diversion

Last Wednesday's Zep., then, did just what the Government wanted: it asphyxiated the national senses. It made us forget all about the hideous bungle of the Balkans. With the rest of the timorous tribe, Diplomacy got underground, and continued its usual darksome toils without hindrance.

LONDONER WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSES ZEPPELIN PERIOD, 1915

The Diplomatic "Dark Room"

Is it meet and right, one wonders, that the public should know what *are* the circumstances that have caused the present super-muddle? The apologists for Diplomacy plead that darkness is no less necessary to the development of foreign policy than it is to the development of photographic plates: that daylight will spoil the film. That may be true in the case of photography. But if the photographer, as a result of his efforts in the dark, continually produces confused pictures, one would say there was something wrong with his camera, or with himself. It is not the darkness that is his trouble, but his failure to make proper use of it.

***

Too Trusting

The Englishman has provided his diplomacy with the darkest dungeon in the Castle. He has shown less curiosity as to what has been done by his Foreign Office than any other country in the world. He expects a capital result from such infinite license, and this result he hasn't got.

***

Wasted Trumps

When the war started we had all the trumps in our hands as regards the neutrals. Germany had committed a crime against the principle of neutrality, and the independence of small States, and we set forth to defend that principle. Having so enormously good a case, the individual who threw it away, and let the advantage pass to the enemy who had no case at all, is one who deserves some very drastic treatment.

***

Bungling Advocacy

Sir Edward Grey replies that successful Diplomacy depends on successful Arms. If the Allies had won, then, he holds, the small States would have come into our camp. The accusation against him is that he should have got them to come in in order to secure that the Allies—who were fighting *their* battle—did win. To secure that, we needed at the various Courts the ablest advocates we could get, presenting our case in the most luminous possible light. It is beyond doubt that we have not had the ablest

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 89)

men, and that our methods of presenting our case to neutral countries have been puerile compared with those of the enemy.

***

Where We Were Outdone

We have been "too proud to write." We have allowed America, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, and the Balkans to be flooded with German propaganda, in which lying versions of our own national aims and achievements were circulated in bought papers with such success that the bewildered neutral mind found itself being unconsciously convinced. Germany's military successes were made use of at the right time, and in the right way. In our case, we were represented by the usual officials who took little or no trouble to make the facts of our attitude known. We concealed the news of our successes, when won, from our own people, so that our newspapers and visitors to neutral countries were not able to take up their country's brief.

***

Muzzled

If, for instance, one finds oneself in a neutral country to-morrow, and is confronted by pro-Germans with the amazing successes of the German submarines, what is one to reply? One has heard it rumoured that we have practically swept the U boats from off the seas, but not one official word can one quote in confirmation. One is, therefore, compelled to listen to tales of Germany having driven the British merchant fleet off the seas, and can reply nothing.

***

What the Neutrals Wanted to Know

For months it was the same in regard to recruiting figures. The neutral States would produce German comic and other papers illustrating the pitiable failure of Lord Kitchener to secure any other than the dregs of the population for his New Armies. What figures was one able to quote in refutation? None. For one had no idea whatever of the exact success of our recruiting appeals, save that wherever one went one saw men in khaki, and that everybody one knew who was able to go had gone. But the neutral might have dismissed this as mere delusion. What he wanted were the facts. Had Britain an Army or had she not? If she had, then he might have been willing to take a sporting chance with her. But if she had no Army, as the German papers said day in and day out, why should he risk a hair of his head?

***

Golden Opportunities

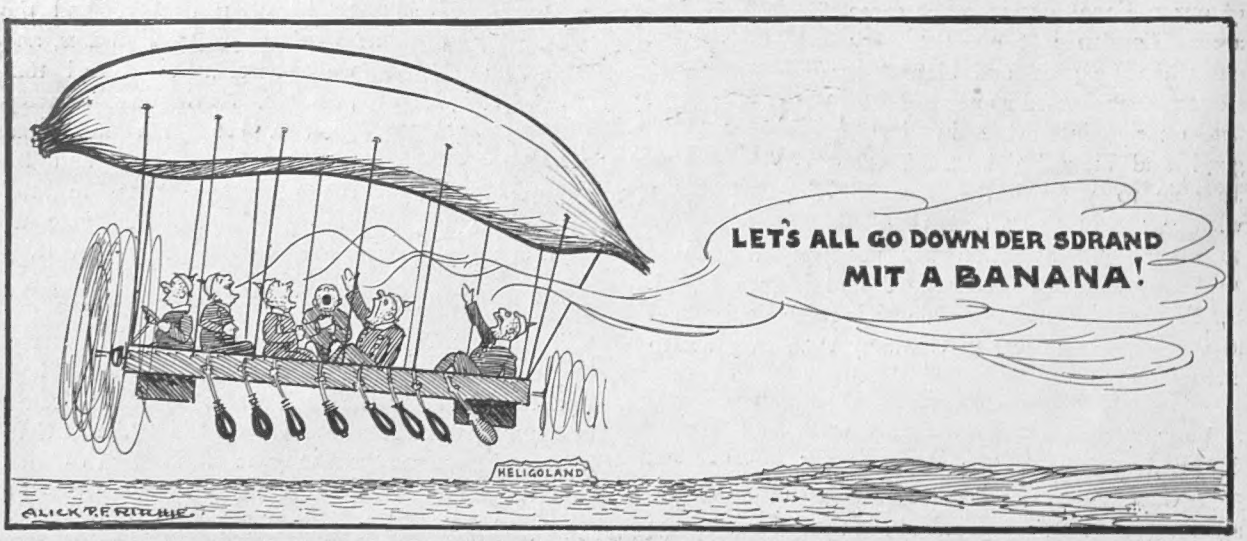
The apologists for diplomacy blame the Allies' military failures for their own, and ask how could they have done better than they have done, in view of the fact that Germany was *winning*? But there have been times in the history of the war when Germany has most certainly not looked like winning. One of those times was after the Battle of the Marne; another was after the fall of Przemysl, when the Russians advanced through the Carpathians. At that time, it is generally known, Austria was ready to discuss peace. Had our chance been taken *then*, and Rumania, Greece, and Bulgaria been squared, the whole history of the war would have been altered. It is probable that no such good use was made of our good opportunities. We did not offer the right goods at the right moment to the right people.

***

Aut Cæsar aut Nullus

We appear to have drivelled, and shilly-shallied, and halted between one and the other, and generally to have given an idea of infirmity of purpose. We acted in precisely the same way as in those fatal twelve days before the war when, had Sir Edward Grey shown decision and determination, and made known Britain's fighting intentions before all the world, there might have been no war at all. We say frankly, that if Sir Edward Grey's record is that of diplomacy, then we either do not think much of diplomacy or of Sir Edward Grey. We must either have a skilful diplomacy or *none at all*.

The Next Air-Raid?



It is currently reported in Germany that the Zeppelins will endeavour to reach the Strand on the occasion of their next expedition to this country, and that they have already hit upon an appropriate battle-song to cheer them on their way

"Enterprises of Great Pith and Moment"

HAMLET (Sir Edward Grey):—

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Balkans
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

London, *October* 18, 1915.

Dear Cousin—

THERE'S a lot of emptying the baby out with the bath water going on. And sometimes I wonder, as greater philosophers have wondered already, is it wise? I mean, all this *strafing* of everyone in high places, one after the other, about this muddle in the Balkans, and other things? Punish the culprits when you can, of course, but—don't sack the cook without a successor up your sleeve. Otherwise—well, we don't want to empty England out along with the politicians, do we?

* * *

And perhaps there's something, too, in what someone—a bit of a bromide certainly—somewhat undemocratically remarks in Mr. Wells's latest, "The Research Magnificent." "On the whole, the people who are on the top of things *ought* to be on the top of things. I agree with Aristotle that there is such a thing as a natural inferior." And though we've inclined nearer to Socialism in some ways these war-times than we've ever done before, we've not yet quite decided that all the inferiors are the superiors, and all the superiors inferiors.

* * *

Our way of *strafing*, too, is more apt to hurt us than them. Turning out Ministers and Cabinets means quite fearful chaos for the country, but for them—England pays her top-dogs so generously that it means a comfortable competence, anyway, even the most drastic order of the boot, what with princely pensions and stockings fairly bulging with savings on salary, not to mention all the tips they've got through their jobs for making odd thousands by the wayside.

* * *

Which reminds me, one of our hereditary legislators, who I suppose at least dines and lunches with the people who ought to know, has been hinting that with a few more battle fronts and one or two more enemies even England may find the financial shoe beginning to pinch. And as we all know, the great voluntary charities, the non-war ones I mean, are suffering pretty heavily.

* * *

But no one seems badly worried about it yet. Quite in peace-time fashion a picture-owning Peer has just sold a Rembrandt for £35,000—which would build a submarine or two, wouldn't it, and quite comfortably endow a hospital? And at the smartest and expensivest of the restaurants the other day I was told that even *minus* the German manager and *plus* their higher prices they were doing "simply splendidly."

"The tradesman says 'Take it or leave it!'"

* * *

Apropos, I do wish I were a grocer or a butcher or a slum landlord, or something, here in England—now. It appears that hardly anything in the way of food and things costs very much more really—that's what we keep a navy for, so that it shouldn't, so that in free England the free Briton should get his food—well, not free, of course, but not at blockade prices.

* * *

Or, at least, that's why we *thought* we kept it. But it seems it's really there so that the merchant people should make fortunes by getting stuff cheap and selling it dear.

* * *

With a business eye on those separation allowances, that excrescence, the slum landlord is, raising his wicked rents wholesale, and as for food, a 40 per cent. rise doesn't cover it everywhere, not by any means. But there's nothing to be done, short of starving. The tradesman says "Take it or leave it!"—that's the 40 per cent. profit attitude. And as for the Government—well, what with the war and week-ends and things, you can't expect it to bother about the tiresome old People, can you? After all, what are they *there* for but to pay?

* * *

And oh, cousin, talking of the war profiteers, it's really been pathetic to hear the wails of the publicans and brewers since the rise of the drink question. Seems the 10 o'clock closing rule hasn't really worried them so much, 'cos any little loss of profits that brought about was amply made up for by the terrific increase of drinking among women—they've a fixed idea, you know, that that's what separation allowances were made for.

* * *

But if they're going to shorten the drinking hours even more, as I hear they are, and not only in the pubs but in the clubs, it'll cut down even that pleasing method of turning an—er—honest penny. Which is *very* hard, isn't it? Still, no doubt somebody will do something for the poor publican soon. Vested interests, and all that, you know. Can't allow *those* to be interfered with, can we?

* * *

Such a wholesale fleecing of an unfortunate public, though, you never saw. . . . I forget if it's because water's gone up in price or what, but even to get one's clothes washed is going to cost us more. But

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

I've simply loved reading some snappy little articlettes on how to keep down the laundry bill on those pages of the papers where they chat about "women's interests."

* * *

One recommends silk or *crêpe de Chine* undies for everyone. Any fool can wash a *crêpe de Chine* nightie, it seems. And it would only take five years or so to save in laundry bills the extra money you paid for it to start with. By which time, if *I* had to wash the clothes, *crêpe de Chine* or otherwise, I'm perfectly certain that even if I weren't dead I should want to be.

* * *

But it would be a splendid thing for some of us, wouldn't it? Some people think, you know, that that's been mostly the trouble with women here in England. Not enough to do, and too much time to do it in. Hence the millionaire cheap drapers and the incredible teashop profits and the stuffy matinée habit.

* * *

By the way, wouldn't our womanly grandmothers have fairly goggled if they could only have seen the way quite nice young things now dash around "taking a man's place" on great big trade motors and things. Felt quite embarrassed myself even last week when I met on my own doormat a young woman in a frock much more of the moment than mine, and cloth-heeled boots and all the rest of it, who'd brought along a brace of kippers from Blackley's.

* * *

She apologised in quite an afternoon-call sort of way for her gloves. Said that was the part that worried her. Hauling out the goods and starting the old car wore out two pairs a week at least. But imagine the gentleman who *used* to do her job wearing gloves, *or* apologising for *anything!*

* * *

Talking of pictures, I'm really feeling quite glad just now none of ours are worth more than £50,000 or so, because I hear those people whose are can't sleep o' nights, worrying about whether it's better to keep them upstairs, where there's Zeps, or downstairs, where there's damp.

* * *

Dreadful dilemma, isn't it? Simplest way out I can see is just to sell 'em and give the money to "Our Day" to-morrow, which means helping all our hurt men on all our fronts. They're flesh and blood, after all. But even the most expensive picture's only a blob of paint that even its owner seldom either sees or appreciates.

Funny people, though, aren't we? *Such* elaborate anti-Zeppelin wire-netting defences over some of the American millionairesses' mansions. But I haven't heard of anyone bothering about anything of the kind on Westminster Abbey and the National Gallery and places.

* * *

"A lot of staff about"

London's all "up" nearly everywhere—might be the middle of the season—and very full too, by day at any rate, of people all pretending to be doing something useful, even if they're not. Around Pall Mall and places, too, there are always a lot of "staff" about, blazing with little red bits and big salaries and importance.

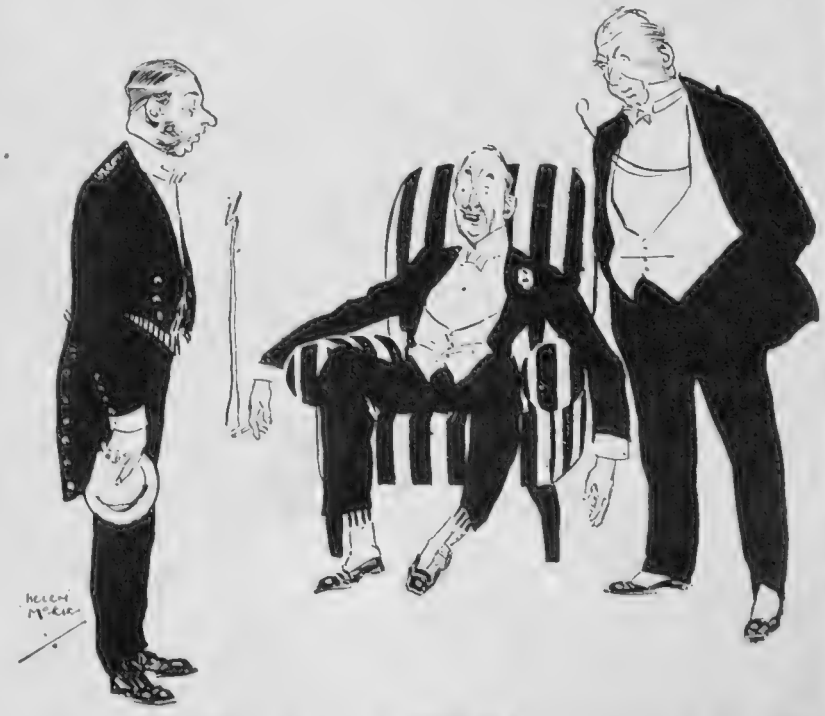
* * *

It's quite amusing, the be-ribboned khaki people one meets who aren't soldiers at all, but have just got nice soft W.O. or hospital jobs. Of course, they look fiercer than any warrior, and it takes you quite a minute to realise that the ribbons you thought must mean the V.C. or the D.S.O. *at least*, are just the M.V.O., or even the I.S.O., or something

* * *

And as for women, we're all looking exactly alike, as we always do when the fashions first come in, inverted V-shape, small on top and wide below. And it isn't mauve, but bright yellow powder that people are wearing now—gives them a creamy, pensive, and not too outrageously blooming look these sad war-time days. As for hats, they must, whatever happens, be simple, for you've *got* to economise, never mind how much it costs you.

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHE



"If they're going to shorten the drinking hours not only in the pubs but in the clubs——"

The War Week by Week

LEISURELY METHODS AND THEIR EFFECT ON NEUTRALS. BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

A FORTNIGHT and more has passed since General von Blume—assistant to Moltke in 1870—pointed out that the German line in the West was not likely to be penetrated at all, as time had been allowed to bring up strong reserves to the menaced sectors; and it seems that he was right. But he practically admitted that no second line of defence was available, in saying that even if we broke through he would welcome a "field" battle—an "open" fight. That is also what the Franco-British army ardently desires.

* * * * *

Another German authority, Major Moraht, seems to think that it was touch and go with them in September, and reproved the German journalists for trying to dispose of our attack with "the ordinary pitiful war phrases"; but in referring to the military obstacles which the Austro-Germans will encounter in the Balkans, Major Moraht said, "We have already overcome so many difficulties in Russia and Galicia that we are confident masters—thanks to our Great General Staff—of the theory of this war." Would that military writers in England could say the same—*mutatis mutandis*, of course.

* * * * *

It is so hard in this country to make people realise that an eagerness to engage on the part of troops, a determination not to yield ground, a cheerful endurance of terrible losses are not in themselves a guarantee of solid success, which depends in the first place upon the Supreme Command having rightly apprehended the theory of the campaign and possessed itself of that "power which differs from the mere ability to fight"—to use Hamley's expression for strategy.

* * * * *

If the Allies are really unable to unearth any military talent comparable with that which is "made in Germany" and is manifested through Falkenhayn, Hindenburg or Mackensen—putting the Kaiser out of the question—we shall be reduced to the pig-headed strategy and hammer-and-tongs fighting which is covered by the phrase "a war of attrition." Those who are content to have it so may be reminded of the War of Secession in America, which cost 313,000 Union soldiers their lives in the course of four years, and burdened the United States with nearly three million pensioners after peace had been won by success.

* * * * *

The House of Lords, no doubt, was under the influence of some such considerations in suggesting, through Lord Morley and Lord Milner last Thursday, that it should have at least one discussion in secret Session upon our military policy. As for official statements, Lord Milner summed them up in saying that their facts were belated and their forecasts "not verified by results."

* * * * *

In view of the general situation, it seems trivial to discuss local happenings in front of the armies of General Haig and General Castelnau, but it may be noted that the bulletins published last Saturday show that they are still to the *west* of the La Bassée-Lens road and *south* of the Reims-Grand Pré railway respectively, in spite of continuous heavy fighting for three weeks after the captured ground was reported to have been "consolidated"; and when we turn to the French official report issued last February, and read of the alleged German losses in *personnel* and guns, of the alleged moral deterioration in the German Army, of the alleged scarcity of primary material for German projectiles, and of the alleged insufficiency of German food supplies—all of which were to reach their maximum in October, 1915, according to this report—we need individually to call up our own reserves of faith, hope, and charity.

* * * * *

Unfortunately, we cannot persuade neutrals to share our views as to the advantages of a long war, and evidently the attitude and action of some of them are governed by the desire to keep their powder dry and so enhance the value of their support to either side; but their difficulty will be to join the winning side before circumstances have rendered their services superfluous. Rumania, with the Danube between her and Bulgaria, has to choose wisely—for Austria or for Russia—if she is to retain her recent gains in Silestria. The position of Greece is different. She has a navy to lose and a long coastline to guard, and if the German fleet were in the Mediterranean King Constantine would not be allowed much time for reflection. But the gentlemanly and leisurely method of waging war adopted by the Allies is not only the salvation of our foes, but the golden opportunity of those who see in this war their chance of "unearned increment."

* * * * *

Still, I do not envy anyone who has to decide upon the vital question of a decisive point just now, and, in fact, it will be the privilege of a junta of some kind to undertake such a responsibility. I see that Colonel Repington—no mean authority—deprecates any weakening of the Western front whatever the need may be in Serbia, but perhaps his objection is only an oblique way of demanding that some use may be made of the enormous number of troops that are eating their heads off in the base camps and training areas, not only in the British Isles, but in France and Italy. It would be indelicate, perhaps, to comment on our neighbours' affairs, but to give a concrete example of this policy, is it not a fact that the Channel Islands Militia has been standing by for a twelvemonth at the expense of the taxpayer? While Italy has five corps stationed between Rome and Sicily, it is inexplicable that her interests on the northern shore of the Adriatic should not impel her to go to the aid of Montenegro and Serbia. And even if Sir Ian Hamilton's army is to maintain itself in front of the Turks, it does not follow that its present scene of action is the only one possible, nor even the best one.

Brides for German Princes?

KING FERDINAND'S TWO ELIGIBLE DAUGHTERS NOW IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET

Photograph *Underwood*

THE PRINCESSES EUDOXIA (left) AND NADEJDA OF BULGARIA

Daughters of the King of Bulgaria, photographed in the grounds of their father's palace in Sofia. Princess Eudoxia was born in 1898 and her sister a year later. Their mother, who was Queen Marie Louise, daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, is dead. The present Queen, their step-mother, was Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Kostritz, who did distinguished Red Cross work during the Russo-Japanese war

What They Said —Last Year!

"*WE are not in any hurry. We are sorry, of course, for our Allies that we are even slower than Russia in making our weight felt, but they can at least feel happy that, at the moment, a year or two hence, when they will expect a rest, we shall be in a position to make a good war on our own account.*"—Military Correspondent, TIMES, October 17.

. . . . .

"*German troops have reached Blankenberghe and possibly Ostend also. . . . We find that there are a good many innocent people in this country who regard the news as disquieting and are disposed to invest the German possession of Ostend with a mysterious and quite imaginary importance. . . . As a base for submarines it could be instantly and effectively tackled.*"—Leading Article, TIMES, October 17.

. . . . .

"*The appearance of the Germans on the coast means nothing more than that they hold thirty miles of sand dunes with excellent facilities for bathing.*"—Leading Article, TIMES, October 21.

. . . . .

"*There are many signs that the Germans are now making their last great effort to 'break through' before entering upon a purely defensive campaign. They are unlikely to succeed because their leaders are already conscious that they have lost the war, and realisation of failure is spreading through the corps of officers.*"—Leading Article, TIMES, October 22.

. . . . .

"*In the Balkans they have a saying, 'When the trees bud.' Long before that time Germany should be feeling the full consequences of her arrogant attempt to extinguish freedom in Europe.*"—Leading Article, TIMES, October 22.

. . . . .

"*The German diplomatic campaign has failed as signally as the German military and naval campaign*" Leading Article, DAILY MAIL, October 20.

. . . . .

"*The result of the fighting in West Belgium has caused unrest among the German officers. . . .*"

"*A German General has committed suicide.*"—DAILY MAIL, October 21.

. . . . .

"*Again and again in the two years before the war the nation was assured by Mr. Churchill that the British Navy was sufficient. . . .*

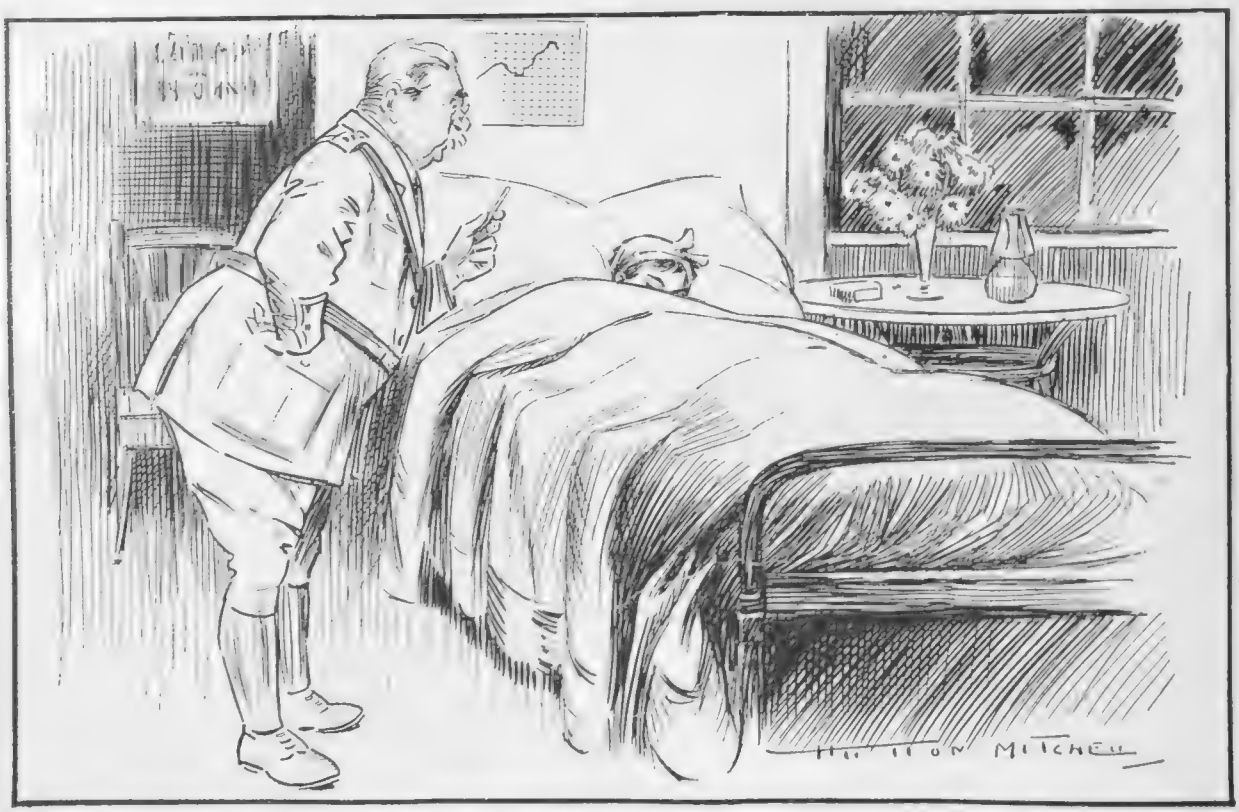
"*But if so, and if his programmes were adequate—and that the DAILY MAIL repeatedly questioned—how is it that the 'Emden' is still at large?*"—Leading Article, DAILY MAIL, October 22.

[The *Emden* was sunk on November 9, 1914.—ED. BYSTANDER.]

. . . . .

"*It has been a glorious week. . . . Only a few days ago Belgium was wholly German. To-night even the most pessimistic are counting the days till the crumbled forces of the enemy shall have been herded back to their own country. . . .*

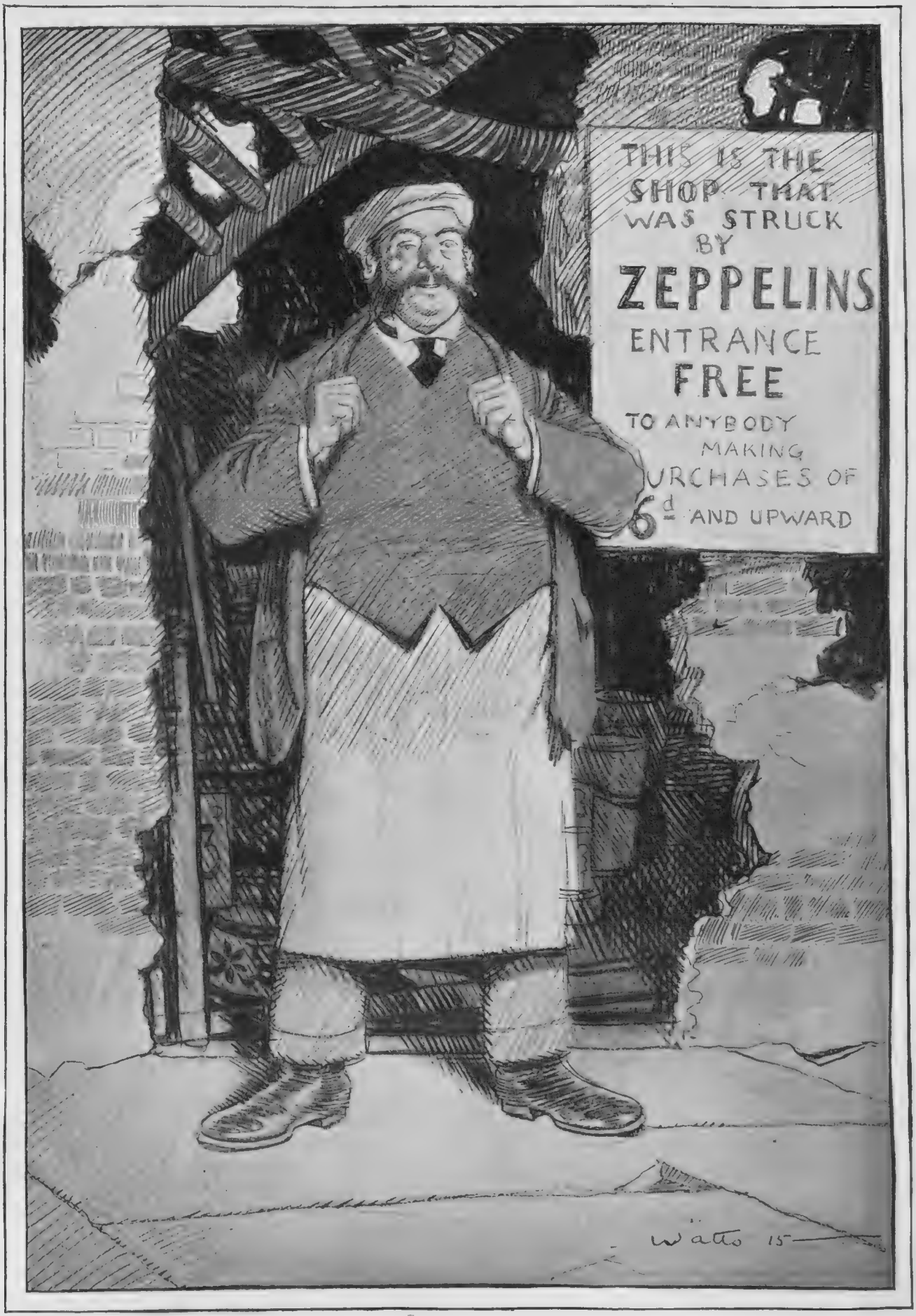
"*This time it is not that the tide has turned. It is that the flood of German might has washed back.*"—From a Correspondent, DAILY MAIL, October 22.



THE BUSINESS INSTINCT

DOCTOR: "Hm-m, temperature 102!"
WOUNDED TOMMY (one-time Stockbroker): "Sell out at 103!"

War Types to-Date—No. 2



"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

BY SUB-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R.

"The Bystander" in Berne

TALKS WITH REAL LIVE TEUTONS *(concluded)*

IN the course of my conversation with the German whom I mentioned in my last article as having been through the Belgian campaign without witnessing any atrocities, I told him that at least it was beyond doubt that English prisoners had been shamefully treated. He scratched his head and said: "Perhaps, in some camps, at the beginning, or on the transport. But things are better now. And you must not forget you were trying to starve us, and that was not a very big inducement to feed your men too well. Besides, your Tommies are the best-fed soldiers in the world; and they grumbled at the good German wholesome food which our brave soldiers eat without complaining. The same with discipline. The manner of our non-commissioned officers is sometimes a little abrupt. We Germans do not resent it. We know that it is such discipline that makes our great army so powerful. But an English prisoner might find the ordinary tone of a Prussian corporal somewhat harsh."

I said I thought that quite possible.

The Germans have a considerable respect for the English as individual fighters. "*Sehr tapfer*," said a German who had fought against them at Mons. But they are not very frightened of the New Armies. "The men are all right," they tell you, "but your staff is so bad. How can you in a year extemporise a staff and good officers for an army of two millions? You can make a young lieutenant in a year, but you cannot make experienced captains, majors, and colonels, to say nothing of generals. At present nothing is happening on the West.* But when once the armies begin to move in big field operations such as those on the Eastern front then you will feel the lack of good commanding officers. Your units will get mixed up, and your orders will go astray, as they did at that great fiasco which you call the victory of Neuve Chapelle. The young officers are gallant, and so are the men; it is your higher command that is the weak spot. And Conscription will not help you there."

This sums up the prevailing belief of the German and of the German-Swiss who takes the German view. I trust they will have a rude awakening.

"We are indignant about atrocities. So are they"

I have given in rough outline some of the more interesting conversations that I enjoyed or endured with Germans. Some people think it indecent to sit in the same room with a German, let alone talk to him. I fear I have an insatiable curiosity, and I would gladly split a whisky and soda with Crippen to discover the true inwardness of murder, or exchange cigarettes with the Crown Prince for his views on loot. I have honestly reproduced these German interviews even when their sentiments seemed to me most absurd. I was very interested to learn what the average German really thought about the war. I didn't trust his Press as an echo of German opinion any more than I should

*This was remarked *before* the recent advance. —[Ed.]

THE BYSTANDER IN BERNE (concluded)

expect our Press to reflect the man in the street. The Press does not reflect. It tries to create.

The main impression left by these conversations was a night-mare-like feeling that there was no sentiment which the average Englishman expresses which is not identically matched in Germany. We are indignant about atrocities. So are they. Here we happen to have the facts on our side, but they don't know that. I am not concerned with what they ought to believe. I am summing-up what they do believe. One and all they are convinced that theirs is a war of self-defence. Some of them said to me, "I tell you we did not like having to go through Belgium, but we had to do it." Most of them seem to believe that Belgium was bound to be invaded by somebody or other, and if you mention the word "neutrality" they point out that England violated the neutrality of Greece when she seized Tenedos and bundled the Greek officials back on to the mainland.

Practically every German I met was desperately anxious for peace, and most of them were resigned to giving up Belgium in return for their colonies. The most sensible Germans were those that had fought, for soldiers on active service are the only real pacificists left to-day. Fat, middle-aged Germans who have never seen a trench were about as stupid as fat middle-aged Englishmen. They talked the same dreary nonsense about an inconclusive peace. "We must," they said, "have a peace that shall guarantee us against a new war breaking out ten years hence, when Russia is stronger and our Allies perhaps not anxious to fight again. If we had let Austria go under, it would have been our turn next. We must fight on," and this—as in England—means "We must watch the tape in our clubs while the poor devils in the trenches fight." "We must fight on till we can assure ourselves a hundred years peace." Germans who will neither be the first man nor the last man talk about fighting to the last man and the last horse. Germans who have been through the mill and may have to return to the trenches are much less absurd.

"They talked the same dreary nonsense about an inconclusive peace. 'We must fight on' they said, and this—as in England—means 'We must watch the tape in our clubs while the poor devils in the trenches fight'"

Some months ago a poem appeared in the *Nation* called "The Five Souls." A German, Russian, Belgian, Englishman, and Frenchman who had been killed in the war explained why they had fought,

"I fought for freedom, this I know,
For those who bade me fight had told me so."

A few million men, the best blood of Europe, are passionately killing each other in order to defend their homes from destruction and their wives from rape. See Posters passim. But is it necessary? Is there no other solution? Is Europe to continue this tragedy till there are no homes worth destroying? Sometimes I fancy that we must cease to hope for peace, and must settle down with philosophy to a world in which trenches and trench mortars are as commonplace and inevitable as income taxes. OLIVER KINGSMILL

Things That Don't Matter

BY QUIDNUNC

SO Mr. Balfour has written a book on Theism and Mr. Churchill is painting pictures. Poor old Nero fiddling must take a back seat. We wonder what the rest of the gentlemen who are supposed to be controlling the Great War may be engaged on? Perhaps they are writing a Revue.

* * *

As for Mr. Churchill, we do not believe in his landscapes at all. We are told that he is now able to paint a red-brick house ("without any serious fault"), also a cow and two sheep. Don't you believe it! It is portraits he is working on. His first idea was to paint himself, seen through a looking-glass, but no one could supply a canvas big enough. So he is having a dash at his beloved "F. E.," with the yacht *Honour* a good deal in the background, and the one and only Baron de Forest in the uniform of a British Admiral on the bridge. How sadly times have changed, to be sure.

* * *

There are other Cabinet Portraits which may shortly be expected. 1. Lord Northcliffe as the saviour of the human race (with three halos), by David Lloyd George. (N.B.—This fine work is shortly to be bought, but not paid for, by the Stock Exchange.) 2. Lord Northcliffe depicted as "Bubbles." This work is a fat plagiarism a long way after Millais. It is by Lord Kitchener and the Editor of the *Daily News*. The idea is to sell it to Lord Northcliffe so that he may teach the Stock Exchange *how* to burn! 3. Mr. Balfour, by Mr. Balfour. This amazing work has the description of "A Cloud: An Effort in Symbolist Verisimilitude." It has the appearance of a small slab of smoked salmon pinned to a decayed cabbage. Mr. Balfour insists that it is a fine portrait.

* * *

Lord Kitchener was asked the other day whether Conscription was coming. "What is Conscription?" he asked gruffly as he passed on. Really evil communications corrupt good Generals, and K. of K. is becoming a politician after all. This is a disaster, as Mr. Bottomley will ignore the Field-Marshal when he forms his Business Government. But then—what is Business for Mr. Bottomley is not necessarily to the advantage of other people.

* * *

As a sturdy upholder of duty and discipline—for other people—I have been asked to solve the urgent problem as to what should be done to those club bores who:

1. Ask when the war will be over.
2. State that we are through the Dardanelles.
3. State as above and aggravate the offence by producing "evidence."
4. Assure us that —— is interned. (You know who —— is. If you don't I shan't tell you.)

* * *

Well, it is no use at all to fine these fellows. In earlier times one might have fixed a level penalty of ten whiskies. But now, under the new law, the delinquent would have to drink them all himself.

* * *

But why not punish with club labour? Anyone who asks when the war will be over might be set to work to skin club potatoes. The gentleman who insists that the Allies will finish in Berlin should be put into the ice-room until red lobsters chasten him with their ugly reminder. The Macedonian enthusiast might be turned on to lift duty, and possibly he will go through the roof. A single week of this salutary discipline would make a heavenly difference in our familiar haunts.

* * *

It really is no good levying money fines. Those few who still have a little swear they have none, and the men who are genuinely poor are usually too "happy" to be responsible for their offences. It is one of life's paradoxes that poverty and sobriety seldom go together.

DOORKEEPER: "Now then, any more to come in?"

After Thirty Years at the Bar

HOLDER OF THE LAW'S HIGHEST OFFICE

LORD BUCKMASTER ON HIS WAY TO THE REOPENING OF THE COURTS

Though he looks a trifle careworn in the picture which shows him outside Westminster Abbey after the service which formed the usual prelude to the reopening of the Law Courts last week, Lord Buckmaster is in fact one of the youngest-looking, as well as one of the youngest, of Lord Chancellors. Born in 1861, he was called to the Bar in 1884, took silk in 1902, became Solicitor-General in 1913, and was raised to the Woolsack on the formation of the present Coalition Government. Last week's ceremony at the Law Courts was the first occasion on which he had led the procession of his Majesty's Judges

In the Trenches on the Yser

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SCENE OF MANY FURIOUS BATTLES

A FRONT LINE PARAPET BEHIND THE PARADOS

ON THE BANKS OF THE YSER CANAL

A COMMUNICATION TRENCH

ANOTHER SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE YSER CANAL

A PICTURE GALLERY IN A FRONT LINE TRENCH

A BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

Though not much has been officially reported of late months from the Yser Canal, it remains a point of critical importance, as blocking the German road to Calais. Our photographs were taken by an officer recently home from the Front

Have WE Captured Any Guns?

IF SO, WHY NOT EXHIBIT THEM AS PARIS DOES?

GUNS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH FROM THE GERMANS IN CHAMPAGNE AND ARTOIS ON VIEW IN THE COUR DES INVALIDES, PARIS

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COUR DES INVALIDES SHOWING MORE TROPHIES OF THE RECENT FRENCH VICTORIES

THE PARISIAN CROWD IN THE COUR DES INVALIDES EXAMINING THE FRENCH ARMY'S BIG HAUL

One of the most inexplicable of all the actions—or rather inactions—of our priceless Government is its amazing coyness in the public exhibition of the trophies of war. Though large numbers of guns of all sizes were taken from the enemy at the recent battles on the British front, so far none of them have been exhibited in London, as they are above shown to be exhibited in Paris

The Bystander in PARIS

STORIES OF THE ADVANCE AND OTHER MATTERS. By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Pudden'-Headed Pontoise

For some occult reason people in Paris used, before the war, to smile when you mentioned Pontoise, much as Londoners have a way of smiling when there is talk of Wigan. I have no doubt that the cream of the joke about Wigan lies in the fact that very few Londoners know it intimately. That certainly is the fact with regard to Pontoise and Parisians, because I know the little town quite well, and nobody who has bumped over its hog-backed cobble-stones on a deflated tyre would ever smile at its name. I don't know whether it is a habit in London to libel the intelligence of the people of Wigan, but in Paris Pontoise is, for some unknown reason, synonymous with stupidity.

The Clue

The other day I thought that I had found out what had sapped the intellects of Pontoise. The quiet little place fairly reeks with a penetrating and familiar odour. The smell meets you very suddenly directly you leave the railway station, and your look of surprise and pathetic effort of memory to place it always raise a grin on the Pontoisian's face. You feel that you ought to know that smell—you feel you did know it, not very long ago. When I met it, and sniffed at it, a small boy passing on a bicycle gave me the clue to its identity. "*Frappé? Cu gommé? Le Parisien?*" he asked, and then recognition supervened.

A New Use for Absinthe

But why should Pontoise, of all places, reek of absinthe? The reason is quite simple. Soon after the beginning of the war a distillery, which turned the blushing beetroot into alcohol, was requisitioned by the Government. Gradually more alcohol was needed (it is used, as you know, for the making of gun-cotton) than beetroot could provide, and huge quantities of absinthe in barrels of wood, in metal tanks, in bottles sheathed in gold and silver, lay fallow under the French Government seal all over France. The sale of absinthe is no longer permitted in France. Some months ago it could be had in Rheims and one or two other unpleasantly warm places which fiscal inspectors left untroubled, but its consumption is necessarily very small. So, as though it were a Boche, the absinthe in France is being denaturalised, but remains more dangerous than ever. It ceases to be absinthe soon after it arrives at Pontoise, and under the guardianship of thirsty Territorials is turned into pure alcohol, and sent to the Germans for consumption. The latest reports from the front say that the Germans dislike it immensely, when they get it in explosive form.

BARON MAURICE DE ROTHSCHILD

Younger son of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, of French racing renown, and a cousin of the late Lord Rothschild

A CARICATURE BY JEAN GAST

Glorious Schoolmasters

With the beginning of October the Paris schools reopened, and it was found that over six hundred schoolmasters were missing. A hundred and eighty of them have been killed outright. Four hundred and twenty others have been badly wounded. But the widow of every French schoolmaster who has fallen in battle is drawing half the dead man's salary, and the places of the missing teachers are filled where possible by soldier-teachers who have been invalided home, and who, in the ordinary course of things, would be teaching the elementary classes still. I need hardly say that the Paris schoolboy whose teacher is a mere civilian feels decidedly aggrieved, and the boy whose "professor" has an empty sleeve or trouser leg beams with reflected glory.

Savoir-Vivre

Of stories of the advance of the last week or two there are no end in Paris, as no doubt there is no end to them in London. But some of these stories are well worth re-telling, and some of them may, I hope, be new to you. I heard one, the other day, of a smart youth who was sent from somewhere behind the lines to a post in the trenches to the North of Arras. He had been very proud of his smart blue uniform till he found himself among men who treated him as schoolboys treat the new boy. He didn't like the ragged dirty veterans at first. He didn't like their manners. He, of course, had his knife and fork and spoon with him. Most of his comrades had lost theirs and used the dirty implements provided by nature. Fingers in the dish displeased "the new boy," who refused his dinner. The sergeant mentioned his

(*Continued on page 106*)

That Evening Star-Shell

"Oh star of eve, whose tender beam
Falls on my spirit's troubled dream"

—Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhäuser"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 104*)

behaviour to him. The young man replied snappishly that he needed "no lessons in *savoir-vivre*, thank you." There was fighting that night. A shell made a mess of the sergeant. The new *poilu*, who wasn't a bad chap, picked up the dying man and apologised for what he had said. The dying sergeant grinned. "It doesn't matter at all, little one," he said. "I may not have known enough to teach you *savoir-vivre, mais je t'apprendrai à savoir mourir.*" The youngster is not dead yet, but he wears the Military Medal on a very grubby uniform, and the boys he teaches can't persuade him to tell them how he won it.

What a Charge Is Like

I have heard lots of descriptions of charges, but none which ring quite so true as this one. "I was frightened till I began to laugh," a young soldier who had been at Massiges told me. "I rushed forward with the others, but I didn't like it. Then I heard something puffing and blowing, looked over my shoulder, and a fat soldier man came right up behind me and nearly ran his bayonet through the small of my back. He was scarlet in the face. 'Look out, *mon vieux*,' I said. 'Isn't it hot? I've just killed one,' he said. I quite enjoyed the fighting after that. Two minutes afterwards we stopped to take breath. There was our lieutenant, just in front of us. We all three lay flat. 'Well, boys,' said the lieutenant, 'how are you getting on?' Then he got up to run forward and fell with a bullet through his head."

A Warm Overcoat

I am wondering whether Urbain got through the fighting safely on the night when his heart's desire was granted him and he was transferred to the country which he knew, the desert of slate and coal, which shelters the French force which is attacking Lens. Urbain was a miner, a tall pale grim-faced man of forty. The Germans killed his wife and daughter and Urbain volunteered. His one desire was to be with the French troops who get Lens back again. But before the advance I heard of him under arrest for refusing to remain under cover. He had one fixed idea. Orders or no orders, he went out Boche hunting, as he called it, every night, and every night he noted one or two Boches to his credit in a dirty pay-book he had brought from the mine. His last exploit was humorous. His lieutenant had complained of the cold, and wished he had one of the big cloaks the German officers wear. Urbain woke him up in his dug-out at dawn, one morning. "I've got the coat, *mon lieutenant*," he said, and pushed it into the dug-out. There was a German officer in it, tied like a sausage, and gagged.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

OUR COSTLY ARMIES

RECRUITING OFFICER: "Married and eleven children? Why, hang it all man, you'll cost as much as the Colonel"

Save Us from Our Possible Friends—

—OR WHY WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE ALLIES

Books of the Week

SOME PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT TURKEY

Constantinople

WE shall be enjoying all sorts of revelations after the war. Even now they are beginning to appear—at intervals, as a foretaste, no doubt, of what is to come. There is, for instance, that remarkable statement which Sir Edwin Pears, for many years the best-known Englishman living in Turkey, has made about our Embassy at Constantinople. At the outbreak of war, nobody in the Embassy could speak Turkish. The statement itself is made in Sir Edwin's recently published *Forty Years in Constantinople* (Jenkins: 16*s.* net), a fascinating book to be strongly recommended, particularly to those who may have been entertaining fixed ideas on Eastern matters. Sir Edwin Pears does not mince matters, but he is always scrupulously fair. Also, he has always been a journalist as well as a barrister, and it is this fact, together with a surprising memory, which has been responsible for so good a book put together without the proper materials—the proper materials having been left involuntarily in Constantinople.

Atrocities and Abdul

It was Sir Edwin Pears who first drew public attention in this country to the Bulgarian horrors. He was in Constantinople when the Russians were drawing near, just as he was there nearly forty years later when the Bulgars themselves were expected to enter. He was able to see the growth of that appalling system of espionage which Abdul Hamid built up around him. We used to think that Abdul was a clever enough fellow, but Sir Edwin Pears shows him to have been nothing more than a cunning fool, cunning because he maintained his power, like Francis Joseph, by setting one faction against another, fool because his vanity would never allow him to see what was displeasing to him. We used to be told of the awful state of affairs in Russia, but we rarely enough heard of the much worse position in Turkey.

LIEUT. W. H. D. ACLAND

Of the 1st Royal Devon Yeomanry and the Royal Flying Corps, upon whom the Emperor of Russia has, with the sanction of the King, conferred the Order of St. George, 4th Class, for gallantry and distinguished conduct in the field

The Censor in Turkey

War has taught us all about the Censor and his little ways, but Turkey did not require war for his employment. While the Armenians were being mown down, while our troops were helping to bring prosperity to Egypt, Turkey was told nothing. "Not a line," writes Sir Edwin, "was permitted to be printed in any newspaper office until it had passed the Censor. If a historian had to depend for his information upon files of Turkish newspapers, Egypt during these years would be considered to be still under the direct rule of the Sultan as it was before 1879. The word Armenia was not permitted to be printed. 'There is no such place,' said the Chief Censor." Fortunately Sir Edwin's pen is not at the mercy of the Turkish Censor, and when we come to his account of the Young Turk's revolution, of the counter-revolution, of Abdul's fall, and of the position of affairs in Constantinople a year ago, we may be thankful that this is so. The book is an important contribution to our knowledge of Turkish affairs.

"The Victorians"

There is much to be said for the new school of detailed biography in fiction. In *Sinister Street* we were constantly being reminded of little incidents in our own lives which might otherwise never have been recalled. The same thing happened when we read *Of Human Bondage*. And now Miss Netta Syrett seems to have set out to do much the same thing for her own sex. *The Victorians* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*) is as yet only half a book, but will lack no readers on that account. It is the cleverly told earlier history of a young girl, Rose Cottingham, who lives with her grandmother and a pretty sister by the sea, and is constantly getting into trouble.

Encore!

You see, she is one of those "clever" girls who, most unfortunately, happened to be born in the far-away days when cleverness in a woman was not desired. And at Minerva House, where the dreadful Miss Quayle boards girls for her up-to-date college, Rose continues to have a bad time, because she is human and not mathematical, and Miss Quayle is only loud-voiced and an academical machine. The scenes of a girl's school in the 'eighties are splendidly done, as well as those semi-bohemian gatherings which were so fashionable a few years later. The book ends with Rose's successful appearance as a novelist, and you are disappointed until you read Miss Syrett's note to the effect that a sequel is in hand. The character-drawing is of the cleverest, and when Rose Cottingham's life-story is finished, it should be a very big thing.

R. S.

A Dainty Piece of Bric-à-Brac

Camera Portrait *Hoppé*

MISS TEDDIE GERARD

Who is playing a leading part in the delightful Revue, "Bric-à-Brac," at the Palace Theatre. Her impersonation of an extremely neat and natty American beauty is one of the undoubted hits of the Revue

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

WAITING for the GUN

By Tim Granville

TOWKAY AH FOO, in his ceremonial dress, was the success of the Governor's garden-party. The Governor made a patriotic speech, and asked for dollars — many, many thousands of dollars—to buy a submarine for the Mother Country as a gift from the Colony in the hour of need. When he had finished everyone, as usual, looked towards Ah Foo. He was the wealthiest Chinaman—how much would he say? Ah Foo said nothing. He was interested in the far distance. In an exciting ten minutes the submarine was subscribed for, and Ah Foo had not given a cent. Only then did the Towkay speak. "That is good," he said, "one submarine. Ah Foo will give another." After that, very quietly he slipped away.

Ah Foo drove off in an open carriage with a vast amount of highly polished metal about it. There was a coat of arms as big as a soup plate on each door. Two showy Australian ponies were driven by a Malay syce, who cracked his whip quite unnecessarily, while another Malay at his side kept on ringing a super-bell of the bicycle sort, to warn imaginary road-crossers that the great Ah Foo was coming. Ah Foo himself sat erect, neither looking to right nor left, dreaming as only Chinamen can. After some distance had been covered on the main road the ponies were pulled up sharply on their haunches, and a European came forward to speak to the Towkay. He was fat and elderly, and so obviously German that he would be interned at sight, even in Great Britain. The two whispered, and Ah Foo's face was wreathed in smiles. He alighted with dignity, giving instructions to his servants to drive on. Then he followed the German up a long drive. A movement in the bushes did not escape him. His quick eye recognised a Chinese detective—one of the Government's men—so he spoke of the submarine he had just given to beat the Germans. He hoped that Otto von Schrager's chuckle was not loud enough to be heard.

When they got near the bungalow they turned off into the garden and crossed two lawns, and came to a lonely summer-house. It was quite dark by this, and Otto von Schrager whistled. Another big German came out of the bushes. Ah Foo shook hands with him. He grasped his left hand. His right held a revolver.

In the summer-house there were glasses and brandy, and Ah Foo drank. Over the lawns he looked towards the bungalow, which was brilliantly lighted. Otto laughed. His wife was giving a dinner-party to the d——d English. He himself must go soon and dress. Everyone knew how loyal the Schragers were. They also had subscribed to the submarine.

Then he turned swiftly on Ah Foo. "It will be next week—one night next week. Your men will be ready?" Ah Foo nodded. They would be quite ready.

"And your reward will be as promised," said Otto. "I have arranged it for you. You shall have all the German Government contracts and also the gambling and opium farms and also the land on the west between the river and the sea. I will give you a document, if you wish it."

"Your word is enough for me, Tuan," was all Ah Foo said.

"So your men are really ready?"

"Every one." Then after a pause. "And you will give me back that other document—that old stupid bit of paper!"

Otto said he would. He was sorry that he had not got it on him. Ah Foo should certainly have it. But above all the Chinaman must be ready. And all his men must be ready. The day and the hour would be chosen at short notice.

. . . . . .

Years before, when Ah Foo was a young man, he was very poor. He did not like being poor, so he determined to get rich quickly. He was a jaunty Chinese Clerk in the go-down of Messrs. Schrager at the time, and, being naturally clever, he forged a certain document. But Otto, who was then a young man, was also clever, and Otto discovered the fraud—and did not prosecute. He merely held the forged document, and also Ah Foo.

Since then, out of Ah Foo, Otto had made a great deal of money. His bungalows and his go-downs had been broken into several times, but he still had the document. And in a way Ah Foo himself respected the man who could beat a Chinaman at his own game.

But in his youth Ah Foo had done something else. He had joined the Chinese Secret Society, known as the Hylam Kongsi. Otto knew that, and he also knew that Ah Foo was now the head of the society. It was a society with powers of life and death over its members, and although under a benign administration and a watchful police it had degenerated into little more than a benevolent club with special facilities for gambling, Otto knew that the old oaths still bound, and that every man in the Kongsi must obey Ah Foo's bidding. Otto was out to capture the Colony for Germany; to massacre the English, and Ah Foo was to help him. Otto was to be Governor-General—and then—well, he would hang Ah Foo.

But Ah Foo had never even thought of that!

When the Towkay passed down the drive and out into the road and called a *ricksha* he was concerned to see that a fruit-seller was standing by. He was another Chinese detective, of course. Why Ah Foo would have to give a whole fleet instead of a single submarine in order to allay suspicion! But happily the English were fools!

. . . . . .

Otto's plan was comprehensive and delightfully simple. Among the members of the Hylam Kongsi were the servants of nearly every member of the European community. At a given hour at night the Chinese servants of the Englishmen were to murder their masters and mistresses and loot their belongings as their personal reward. Other arrangements quite apart from Ah Foo had been made to cope with the small garrison and the shipping in the harbour. Ah Foo

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 113)

The World's Mad "Joy-Ride"

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KEEP PACE WITH DEVELOPMENTS

BY W. E. WIGFULL

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(*Concluded from page 110*)

said this was a perfect scheme, and showed Otto a most intelligent plan for the development of the lands that were to come to him as his share in it. His own new bungalow was to be of princely dimensions, with a very tiny flagstaff and a very big German flag. He even humbly begged that he might hereafter describe himself as the Towkay von Ah Foo. Otto graciously consented.

. . . . . .

The night came at last. The great events were timed to occur at eleven o'clock. At ten by arrangement Ah Foo dressed in coolie's clothes, pulled a *ricksha* up to Otto's house. The bungalow was on a hill, and Ah Foo, unaccustomed to this exertion, went very slowly. He was also very nervous. He watched every bush for a detective, and listened for imagined foot treads. He left his *ricksha* in a corner of the drive, and went stealthily to a side entrance.

The house was in darkness.

Otto met him, and beckoned him to follow. Otto was nervous, too. They went upstairs. The bungalow seemed to be deserted. Otto gave him a strong brandy and helped himself. Then nervously he pulled out his German watch. "We have another twenty minutes," he said.

Ah Foo nodded. His eyes were very bright.

"At eleven," Otto continued. "At the last stroke of the hour a gun will be fired from the fort. That will mean that all is right in that quarter. I've seen to that. And something will happen in the harbour, too. I've seen to that also. Then when you hear that gun you—or, rather I, will fire this rocket. It will shoot up and up and explode with a stream of colours, and then all our boys—will enjoy themselves!"

Ah Foo smiled.

After that Otto spoke of what he would do as Governor-General, still looking at his watch, and Ah Foo was good enough to say something of his own future when he owned an eighth of the colony.

The fat Otto was getting more nervous. "There is only another ten minutes." he whispered. Then his face caught fire—that great coarse fat face of his. Only ten minutes, and then all the d——d Englishmen would be killed. He made a gesture across his wrinkled throat. Half an hour, perhaps, and their wives would be dead too, and glad to die.

"Come let us lean over the balcony. The minutes creep on. Listen for the gun. My rocket is ready. Your Chinamen are polishing their knives."

Outside there was quiet. The tense, mysterious, wonderful, enthralling tropical quiet. In the high trees a silken rustle, nothing more, and above a moon that filled the whole world with light.

Otto pulled out his watch. The same moment the clock started striking the hour. Otto twisted round excitedly—the rocket was on his right, and the match in his hand ready for striking.

"Wait for the gun," he said, with a chuckle. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven! No gun.

Instead—from the hill a band made music—mad, insulting music—the first bar of "God Save the King!"

And Otto for a half minute heard it, and then a dozen hands flung him backwards. And the same hands caught him up and bound him and gagged him. Then ropes were tied to his ankles, and were swiftly and silently switched round the bars of the verandah. And another rope was passed round his chest and under his arms and fastened somewhere at the end of the room. Everything was done without a word—as Chinamen do things. And Otto was hoist a foot—two feet, perhaps—above the floor, and some leverage played on the rope and hurt Otto—very much indeed.

But although he could not shout he could still hear. The band was still playing "God Save the King." And he could see Ah Foo—Ah Foo, whose fine clean-cut immobile face was as secret as death itself.

This same Ah Foo came up to him, and bent over him.

"You are about to die—and not quite comfortably," he said.

"The Chinese subjects of the Great White King are as loyal as any Englishman. But you did not know that. You had a paper of mine. See here—I have got it now, and you thought that a little thing that happened when I was a boy would bind me for my life to your bidding. It is not so with me. I will not explain further, because—well, you would not understand. And, besides, my throat is not well, and there is smoke. I almost fancy that to save you from further disgrace your servants, who, of course, are members of my society, are burning some of your papers—immediately beneath us. These wooden bungalows have a trick of catching fire. I hope that the boys will be careful. Forgive me—there is quite a lot of smoke coming up just now—and as I am a family man and am to be gazetted to-morrow as the new Chinese member of the Legislature Assembly—for King George, you know—I really must be going. If I may be allowed to say one more word—but there—really the boys down below are very careless. The floor beneath you is on fire. There are no fewer than two—three—four little tongues of flame licking through the boards beneath you. I do hope they won't inconvenience you—helpless as you are. (Coughs.) Forgive me—my throat again. I really must go!"

He went to the door—probably to satisfy himself that the stairs were safe. Returning he untied the gag. "I can only wait for a few minutes in the drive," he said, apologetically. "I promised the Governor, my English Governor, that I would report to him at half-past eleven—forgive me, but I should be interested to hear what exactly you do say when those nasty little tongues of flame—there are seven of them now—get a little bolder and sharper and longer. They will prick you soon, but never mind. Never mind, dear Otto von Schrager. I must go now—the room is all smoke. No, please don't disturb yourself. *What* time are we to salute the German flag to-morrow?"

At the door, I am sorry to say, he stopped. Otto was shrieking, cursing, and praying and shrieking again. Ah Foo smiled happily. The flames had leaped up. Otto's clothes were on fire. The ropes were beautifully tight, and Otto could not even writhe. It was really a very pretty sight. Soon the floor would fall in, and Otto would go with it. And there was a fine blaze waiting for him below. What a pity it was that it should all be over so soon. And then—listen—outside the band was still playing "God Save the King." TIM GRANVILLE

NOISELESS

NAPIER

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Now's the Time" at the Alhambra

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS entertainment is described as "A Musical Time-piece in Two Hours and Ten Chimes," and I will not be so bold as to claim that I know what this fantastic description means. For practical purposes, however, the production is a revue of the English type—that is, a sort of musical comedy with occasional irrelevant interludes. The whole thing goes with a magnificent swing, and the mounting and scenic effects are quite prodigally lavish. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told us that for the future we must all spend less; but the management of the Alhambra could not have been listening when these counsels of prudence were being handed out to us by a worthy counsellor whose own income is, I believe, still in a highly satisfactory state, war or no war. If any fault is to be found with such an exceptionally brilliant production, it must be looked for in the mistaken ideals of the producer rather than in the genius of the authors and composers, or the splendidly high spirits of the company.

The Alhambra Theatre is a very large house, and it was decided by the management of many years ago that it lent itself more to spectacular displays rather than to outbursts of carefully polished wit. Yet much of the charm of this entertainment depends on the neat little witticisms that must be more or less inaudible in the remoter parts of the house so long as the performers are denied the use of the handy, if unornamental, megaphone. The one glorious exception to this rule is a song about a little dicky bird, sung by Mr. Wyndham in the character of "A Sunday Tripper" up the river. Mr. Wyndham has a voice that would penetrate a 2-inch deal board, and he flings it at the house with a quite magnificent courage. The philosopher who discovered that sound is only the effect of vibration of the air ought to go to the Alhambra and hear that very strenuous appeal to everyone not to forget the little dicky bird. You can feel the air vibrating down your spine while the song is in progress, an irrefutable confirmation of the scientific dictum.

The idea of the revue is quite good. It is based on the principle of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Time Machine,"

(Continued on page 116)

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE AT THE ALHAMBRA

Born 1820—
still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Do you know me?"
NEW ZEALANDER: "Do I know you! Why I know you as well as the Wanganui."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page* 114)

FROM EDEN TO EVERYWHERE

which carries the *compère* and *commère* (though they are not called by these foreign-sounding names) up and down through the ages. "Bill" and "Liza" start in this machine from Piccadilly, and arrive first of all in a "garden somewhere in Asia." The authors seem to have all the eccentric objections of the Censor to the public mention of the extremely obvious; and I hope I shall not be giving information to the enemy when I reveal the fact that the spot in question is meant for the Garden of Eden. We are introduced to the First Man and the First Woman and the Serpent. To say nothing of the Apple. The First Woman (charmingly represented by Miss Kelly) already takes an interest in the fashions, and we note a repetition of a rather archaic jest when she makes a little show of hanging her left-off suit of fig-leaves on the wash-line. I was myself guilty of the introduction of this playful quip to public notice in my less responsible days, so that I can reckon its age to a nicety. A new turn is given to events, however, when "Bill" elopes with the First Woman and brings her to a Court dressmaker's establishment in the West End of London so that she may see how far we have progressed in civilisation since the homelier day when Adam delved and Eve span. This scene and the exquisite costumes displayed in it combine to form one of the most gorgeous and tasteful pictures that I have ever seen in London.

IN THE TIME OF GOOD QUEEN BESS

Another whir of the Time Machine brings us to Old London in the days of Good Queen Bess. The exalted lady herself is represented by the very popular favourite, Mr. George Mozart, who, apparently misled by the rather severe refinement of his surroundings, has made his representation a portrait rather than a caricature. When an actor becomes a "female impersonator" we expect him to emphasise distinctly all the time that he is really only doing it for a lark, and not to show how easily it would be to mistake him for the genuine article. Mr. Mozart seems to have been required to sink his own happy individuality in the very correct atmosphere of the production as a whole, and I think he would be much more amusing if they would let him be himself for a while. This scene would also, I think, go better if Mr. Mozart could have a comedian of his own calibre on the stage with him to act as a useful foil. The other actors are mostly exponents of humour of a different and less exhilarating school. Their fun depends for the most part on the adroit manipulation of literary jests, many of which are lost for the simple reason that they could never be made completely audible in so unwieldy a house for this purpose as the Alhambra. Carefully polished epigrams are delightful enough in a theatre which is small enough to have reasonable acoustic properties; but the Alhambra requires the kind of wit that explodes with a shout. Still for what the ear may miss there is ample compensation in what the eye may see, and that will probably be enough for most people. In addition to Mr. Mozart's reincarnation as Queen Elizabeth there are other distinquished visitors from the shades, and the opportunity of a little debate between Shakespeare and Bacon was, of course, too good to be missed.

The bright particular star of the production is Miss Lee White, whose energy and high spirits must contribute largely to the success of this Revue. It may be that Miss White is favoured by the happy contrast between her own vivacious methods and those of the rest of the company, who do not appear to be enjoying themselves half so much as she is. Whatever may be the cause, however, the happy effect is certain.

Miss Phyllis Monkman is the principal dancer throughout, and in the earlier parts of the piece she adds a touch of lightness and beauty to scenes many of which had already reached a high standard in this respect. But it is the second act that Miss Monkman is seen at her best. The Time Machine takes us to Egypt, where in a scene that is wonderfully effective Miss Monkman gives us an Oriental dance in the best style. It is all very charming and graceful, and should prove an irresistible attraction.

JINGLE

OFFICERS' KHAKI

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

WITH the winter campaign in front of us I would as soon advise a man to go into the trenches armed with blank cartridges as clad in cheap and indifferent kit.

I feel that I cannot emphasise too strongly to inexperienced officers the paramount importance of providing themselves with equipment of the finest quality that money can buy.

Since the winter of 1914-15 there has been a great rise in price, and also a scarcity of the best quality khaki. Not one man in a thousand is an expert judge of cloth, and any amount of second grade material is being sold at the present moment which is totally unfit to stand the excessive strain of active service.

It is quite time that the misleading term "Officers' Regulation Khaki" was stopped. This description is now being used in all parts of London by firms offering uniforms at absurdly low prices, who have never previously produced a military garment. Let the newly fledged officer thoroughly understand that there is, unfortunately, NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and he is, therefore, at the mercy of the firm from whom he buys. With a recognised West End military tailor he has nothing to fear, but if he succumbs to the bait of cheapness he will pay a very bitter price during the rigours of the winter campaign. Every officer should realise that on active service the clothes he stands up in may have to last him indefinitely.

In the early days of the war, when scandalous sheddy khaki was being foisted on the Territorials, I was consulted by the War Office, and the evil was effectively nipped in the bud, and I should now be the first to welcome a fixed standard of the first quality for officers' khaki. The Government allowance of £50 for kit is not granted out of philanthropy, but to enable the newly gazetted officer to procure his uniforms from first-class military tailors, and those who are induced to save a few pounds by purchasing cheap kit will find they have practised a suicidal economy.

There is but one design for each garment of officers' kit, but there is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. It is regrettable to observe an increasing number of officers wearing uniforms of indifferent cut and tailoring. Their appearance is not creditable to the high traditions of the British Army and Navy, and the fact is being adversely commented upon by the senior officers of the Services.

The Service connection of the House of Pope and Bradley includes practically every commissioned rank in the Army and Navy. Seventy per cent. of their entire trade is military, and their reputation ensures the correct military style.

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This man doubled his Private Income.

After twenty-five years' practice as a Solicitor in a small country town, Mr. A. B. K. felt that the time had come for him to retire. He was then 59 years of age and was receiving from investments an income of some £250. This he considered would be quite sufficient for his needs.

But he had reckoned without the War.

War came, and with it such heavy extra demands upon his purse that his income no longer was sufficient. His income-tax was doubled, he had to pay at least twenty-five per cent. more for most food commodities, he had to help relatives hard hit by the War, and he had outside charitable calls upon his pocket to which he longed but was unable to respond.

So it was that, after careful consideration, this retired solicitor, at the age of 61, determined to sell his various stocks and shares and buy with the money a "Sun Life of Canada" Annuity.

Prices having fallen, he was only able to get £5,000 for scrip which had cost him £6,000, but this sum sufficed to purchase an Annuity of £508 10*s.*, which income was guaranteed to him for life.

His income thus doubled, he easily meets the extra taxation, the increased cost of living, the claims of his poorer relatives, and the charity calls of war-time. And he has just invested £100 of his surplus income in the War Loan.

That, briefly, is the history of Mr. A. B. K.'s method of weathering the financial war storm.

Anyone with money invested or to invest should write for a copy of the interesting booklet recently issued by the Sun Life of Canada, which gives many other interesting examples of Annuity transactions, and throws much new light upon this phase of private finance.

The Sun Life of Canada is, as is well known, the leading company for Annuities. It has assets of over £13,000,000 invested under strict supervision of the Canadian Government.

NOTE!—For a short time only the "Sun Life of Canada" will accept Consols or War Loan Securities in payment or part payment for an Annuity.

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Music Mem.

THE ENGLISH OPERA

OF all the annoying tricks of journalism, the most annoying is the "I told you so" trick, performed by the simple means of unearthing some fortunate guess of a few years or months ago and then asking people to admire your unparalleled wisdom. But if you have said one particular thing on every possible occasion for years and a great many people have as consistently put you down as a fool for doing so, it is, perhaps, excusable to express satisfaction when you find you were right after all. For this reason the very great success of the English opera season at the Shaftesbury gives peculiar pleasure to the writer of these notes, because both in THE BYSTANDER and elsewhere he has always maintained that there is a public for opera in English given under proper conditions. And how paradoxical, how perverse that success should come at this time! Could any circumstances have seemed less promising?

Nevertheless the Shaftesbury is always agreeably full, and, what is even more important, full of delighted enthusiasts. I have no patience with the superior people who go about comparing the performances with Covent Garden. Of course they are not up to Covent Garden standard. Why should they be? Covent Garden is a Festival Opera, and these are ordinary repertory performances, precisely similar both in character and price, to those found in the larger towns of France and Germany. Only they are on the whole a great deal better. They are not intended for people who think of opera only in terms of Caruso and Chaliapin. This is opera for ordinary people, opera as it exists in every country where it is not merely an exotic.

MADAME BROLA

The American soprano who is making her first appearance in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre in the Beecham-Courtneidge repertoire of Grand Opera in English. She is a daughter of General Brooks, of the United States Army, and has already achieved fame in Milan, Nice, Monte Carlo, Paris, and Florence

Space prevents any consideration of the operas given, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a quite admirable performance of *Bohème*, wherein Mr. Samuel, a really first-class baritone, particularly distinguished himself. There was a very good performance of *Faust*, too, in which Mr. Robert Radford and Miss Carrie Tubb did remarkably well. Because I have not mentioned the tenors it must not be thought that they are bad. On the contrary, Mr. D'Oisly is excellent, but naturally the baritones reach a higher level. For the baritone is essentially an English voice. Curiously enough the weakest point so far has been the conducting. Both Mr. Percy Pitt and Mr. Hamish MacCunn could do with a dose of oxygen.

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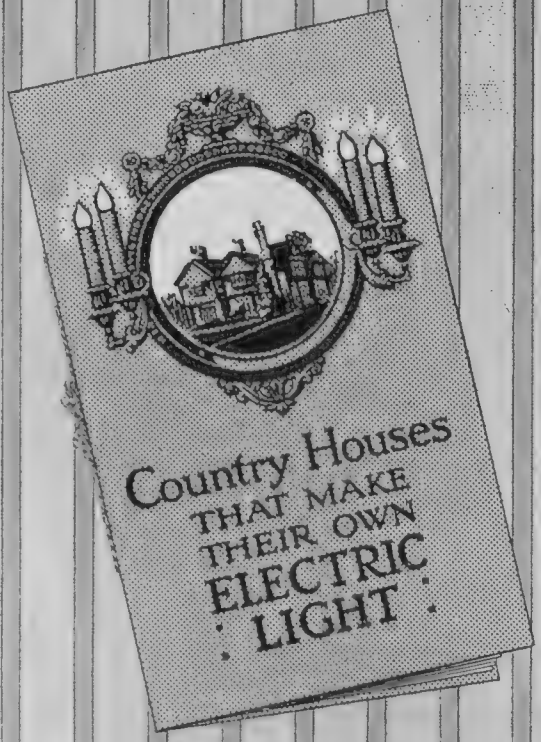

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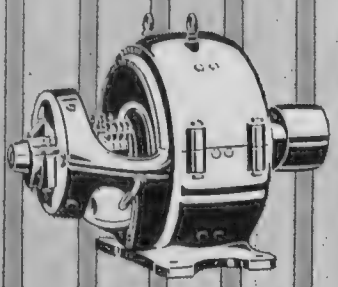

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Two Great Films

A NEW ERA IN CINEMATOGRAPHY

To most educated people in this country the cinematograph theatre is represented by Charles Chaplin on one side and Cowboy dramas on the other, with a whole host of plays of varying degrees of sensationalism and sentimentality in between. Consequently, they keep away from it, even more than from the ordinary "legitimate" theatre, that is to say, almost entirely. Whether they are as wise as they think they are is no business of mine to discuss; the fact remains. But every year the cinematograph throws its net a little wider. Plays like *Quo Vadis*, records like that of Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole, of Cherry Kearton's travels, of Paul Rainey's African hunt, have done a good deal to break down the prejudice of the superior against "the pictures." And there are two films being shown in London at the present time, "Cabiria" at the West End Cinema and "The Birth of a Nation" at the Scala Theatre, which may well level it once and for all.

"Cabiria," which is by Gabriele d'Annunzio, deals with the Punic wars. We meet many of the friends of our schooldays, Hannibal, Scipio, and many others once rendered hateful by that bore, Livy. It is largely an excuse for pageantry, for the eruption of Etna, the burning of the Roman fleet by Archimedes' lenses, the siege of a town (a wonderful scene this), and the horrible sacrifice of babies to Moloch, who is none other than our familiar friend Baal of the Old Testament. There is also a definite story, and it seems to me that d'Annunzio sometimes sacrifices history to make it more exciting. Or, rather, the two do not always quite blend as happily as they might.

That is where "The Birth of a Nation" is superior. Indeed, it may not unjustly be called Homeric in the proper sense of the word. It is a real modern epic with the Northern and Southern States of America as Greece and Troy respectively. This in the first part. In the second part it becomes even more elemental; the struggle between the White man and the Black appeals to the most primitive instincts in us. It is no use telling oneself that the famous Ku Klux Clan were not by any means the angels of light pictured in the film, the fact remains that when one sees them charging the niggers in the streets of Piedmont one wants to shout and cheer. Indeed, many people do. I cannot wonder that the film was prohibited in some parts of America as tending to excite race feeling.

Laudatory adjectives are long and space is short; but I owe it to one of the most exciting, the most moving, and the most interesting evenings I have ever spent to say that, in my opinion, "The Birth of a Nation" is not only by far the most successful feat in cinematography yet accomplished, but one of the most remarkable performances ever seen in a theatre.

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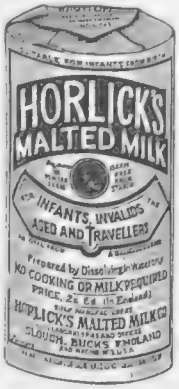

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Motoring and a Few Expectations

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A French Lament

THE Marquis De Dion, President of the Chambre Syndicat de l'Automobile et des Industries qui s'y attachent (which is not a telegraphic address exactly), is very sad about the new import duties. In his view a 33⅓ per cent. tax upon French cars would close the British market absolutely. He is quite right. It closes the market to everything except the American vehicle; which, from the point of view of the British manufacturer, is just a little ironic, seeing it is the competition of the American car that is particularly objected to.

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The Marquis must take his comfort from the fact that, if the Chancellor's word is decisive in the Government of the future, all wrongs will be righted and the *status quo ante bellum* (so far as import duties are concerned) will be resumed.

***

A Formidable Hatchet

I suspect, however, that the Marquis may be a little dubious about the lifting of such duties after the war. I share his suspicions. When peace brings an opportunity for fiscal disputations to begin once more, the Tariff Reformer has a most formidable hatchet to unearth, particularly in connection with motor-cars. You cannot logically hold the unnecessary luxury theory for the duration of the war only. In the eyes of the sovereign people it remains an unnecessary luxury, war or no war. The only trouble will be not to justify the continuance of the duty, but to justify an omission to tax private motor-cars all round. Because if a motor-car is an unnecessary luxury (which, generally, I deny), the fact that it is home-made or foreign-made does not affect the matter. So, however it turns out, we are in for a hot time in the old town directly we are released from the consideration of important things and allowed to plunge once more into the unnecessary luxury of political dispute.

***

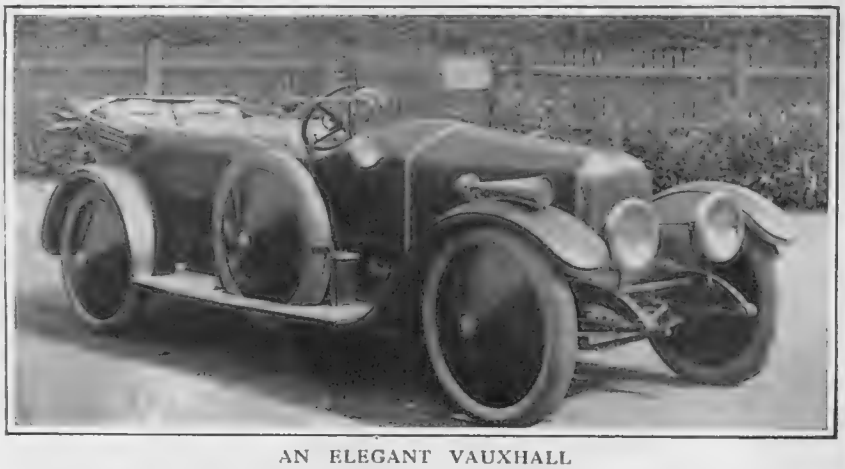
Intensifying Competition

There is one aspect of this opposition to the American car propaganda which is not sufficiently emphasised. If price is the basic determinant in the purchase of an automobile, then the American vehicle is hardly in effective competition with the British vehicle at all. For the most part the American car is operating in a market of its own—a market it made for itself by bringing motoring, through low prices, into the financial ken of people who, except for such cars, could not have been motorists at all. From that one point of view, therefore, it is bad for the British industry to increase (by tax or otherwise) the price of the American car, because then it comes more directly into competition with the home product. The £400 or £500 class of motorist might never think of buying a Yankee vehicle while it was very cheap. It would be out of their class and taboo. Increase the price until it is within £100 or so of their own figure, and it becomes a proposition to be considered. It ceases to be quite so common an object of the King's Highway because the increase in price must, other things being equal, necessarily reduce the market. It is more "select."

***

The Alternatives

I daresay this aspect of the matter will be regarded as a little overdrawn. I have, recently, however, had reason for surprise that it is so little overdrawn. Where you have a greatly stimulated interest in motoring, the comparatively expensive car is bound to benefit in some measure. With reservations, the more cheap cars sold the healthier the demand for cars of higher price. Increase the cost of the cheap car, and you kill an appreciable section of the market, distribute the remainder over a larger number of cars, bring the previously cheap car into the sphere of a class that, perhaps, would never otherwise have considered it, scotch the democratisation of the automobile, and rob the general movement of considerable virility. All of which is not good for the home industry. It seems to me, therefore, the home industry should do one of two things—keep clear of the invaders by having a fairly large price line of demarcation or organise output in direct price *and service* competition.



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TO BE SOLD, or might be LET, Furnished, an old-world RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, surrounded by orchard and meadow-land: entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms, with beamed ceilings, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; stabling for 2, coach-house; pretty garden with lawn and rustic rosery, pergolas, orchard and fruit gardens, etc. The House would be SOLD with 3, 7, or 20 ACRES.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,026)

SUSSEX. BALCOMBE FOREST. 500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst beautifully wooded country on gravel and sandrock soil, and commanding magnificent panoramic views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water, modern drainage; stabling or motor garage; 6-roomed cottage; picturesque well-wooded grounds of 4½ acres, including full-size tennis and croquet lawns; golf course 3 miles distant. — Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,655)

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In the favourite Goodwood district: 10 minutes' walk from a station.

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FOR SALE.

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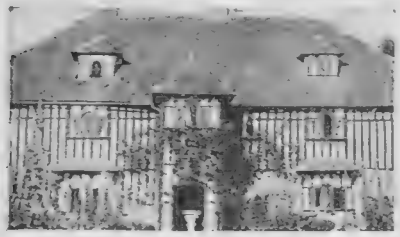

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,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in	4in	£2 11 0

	GREENHOUSE. ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler, 11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	Boiler, 20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
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The "BOSUN" Three-decker, Length 2ft. 4in., Width 1ft. 4in., Height 3ft. 0in. Equally suitable for Hospital, Indoor or Garden use. With four brass swivel wheels, Rubber Tyred. **£3 15 0**

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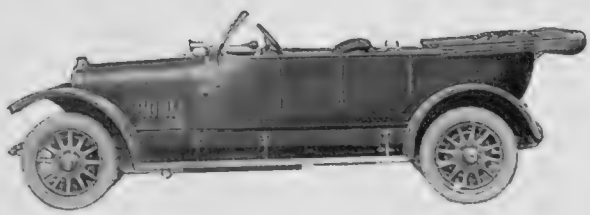

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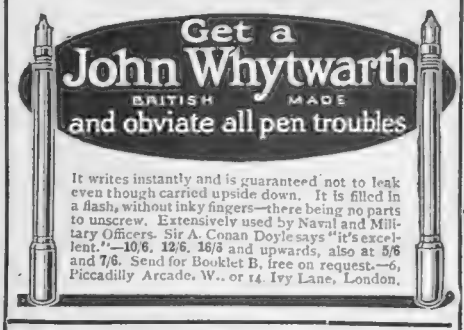

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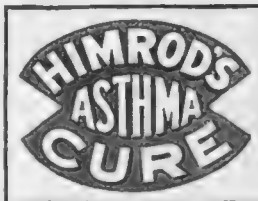

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Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

New Fur Fashions

BEING a law unto themselves, the controllers of the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, are in a very strong position for the advance of fresh fur fashions. Every skin employed is of picked quality, and handled in so dextrous a manner, both in regard to dyeing and manipulation, that it may positively be regarded as flawless.

Quite exclusive and infinitely charming is a sable dyed musquash coat which the International Fur Store are building in high-grade skins at £35, every skin worked in sable lengths, with the happiest results. The model is arranged with a full free skirt and thoroughly workmanlike cosy collar, and any coloured satin lining can be used, according to individual taste and requirement. This is really a singularly handsome possession, invested, moreover, with that air of quiet distinction so characteristic of all the firm's work.

SEAL-DYED MUSQUASH COAT

With collar and cuffs of natural blue racoon, one of many attractive models in the salons of the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

A seal-dyed musquash has been selected from among numerous equally attractive companions for the accompanying sketch, the whole affair evidencing the fine treatment invariably maintained here. The *flare* of the skirt is especially fascinating, as is also the charming contrast afforded in a cosy collar and cuffs of natural blue racoon.

A very smart little model of beautifully glossy pony skin demands immediate consideration, both on account of its elegant fashioning and moderate price, the latter standing at only £18. The skirt curves away in front and gradually resolves into a much deeper back, skunk collar and cuffs imparting a delightful finish to the exquisitely modelled body part. The fur sets here are of an equally irresistible *genre*, and include among other notably new styles a smart little skunk collarette, designed to button high about the throat, and accompanied by a small quaint little barrel-shaped muff.

A Revelation in Postiche Work

Never was a name more fitly fulfilled than in "*La Naturelle*," a semi-*toupet*, recently designed and absolutely exclusive to the Maison George, the presiding head of which is an expert in *postiche* work, second to none. There have been many clever *toupets*, but never one to come within measurable distance of "*La Naturelle*," which has the hair not only mounted on a foundation, an absolute replica of the natural scalp, but in such a manner that it can be arranged with any sort or kind of parting, centre, half, or full side, or pompadour. In a word, "*La Naturelle*" is absolutely undetectable from nature's own handiwork, with the added advantage that it is always made of natural wavy hair. But words are but poor things to describe such a fine piece of *postiche* work as this. Only a personal visit to the Maison George, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, and a close investigation, can possibly gauge in any adequate manner the amazing value of "*La Naturelle*," which *is* natural.

I, who write, have made the most minute examination and have not the smallest hesitation in pronouncing this semi-*toupet* unquestionably the finest and most complete ever produced. Indeed, one feels it is practically impossible for *postiche* art to touch a higher pinnacle. Nor is the price of four guineas the least remarkable feature, a sum that is truly modest enough, and which would be saved in a very short space of time by those who require to have their own hair continually waved. "*La Naturelle*" possesses the best of all *ondulés*, nature's own, which nothing can affect, and which remains, no matter the style of *coiffure* selected. I could with a considerable amount of pleasure to myself say a vast deal more on the subject, for I cannot recall being more thoroughly impressed. Merely to see "*La Naturelle*" is a privilege that every woman who is wise will see that she enjoys.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

A Gown of Stand-by Qualities

Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are a firm whose line of development we are all watching with great interest. The members of the executive body are each in their way experts, while as a whole they have a courage that under existing circumstances exacts the deepest admiration. Among many other delightful offerings at the moment are some fascinating little walking dresses, one of which we commandeered for a sketch. As pictured the scheme was carried out in navy *gabadère* trimmed black braid and skunk opossum. The former is arranged either side the bodice in the form of little loops, a broader width being induced either side the skirt, just below the waist, while on the hips comes some dainty smocking. The waist, it should be particularly observed, is slightly raised, a strip of black patent being inserted centre front and back. Fashioned, as described or in *beige* suiting, or velveteen, the cost is eight guineas, or in plain cloth and silk poplin, the latter in a range of the loveliest shades, another guinea is asked. Finally, it must be pressed home that the design is absolutely and completely exclusive to Harvey Nichols.

"LA NATURELLE"

Two sketches of the charming semi-Toupet, appropriately so styled, one of the most wonderful of the many clever examples of postiche work at the Maison George, 40, Buckingham Palace Road

Towards Perfection in Form

A text this, very enthusiastically taken up by Marshall and Snelgrove, who have many pertinent criticisms to make on the subject of corsets and corset-fitting. On one point they are adamant; they do not care to dispose of a corset, no matter whether the cost be 10*s.* 6*d.* or 5 guineas, without a personal fitting. For this purpose a skilled and experienced *corsetière* is maintained, whose knowledge and judgment are at the free disposal of all Marshall and Snelgrove's customers. From a small illustrated brochure just issued one gathers that considerable attention has been given to the rival merits of front and back lacing, which is a detail that unquestionably demands investigation.

The "Elinor Temple," Model 023, provides quite an innovation, being planned with single side bones and a button front. It gives shapeliness to the figure without any undue pressure. For stout figures, another "Elinor Temple," No. 43, is specially suited.

A half-guinea "Gossard," Model 250, is specially designed to produce a straight effect with little boning, while an "Elinor Temple" at the same sum is destined for a slender figure, and is equal in every way, so far as design is concerned, to far higher priced efforts.

MODEL FOR A WALKING DRESS

Carried out in Navy gabadère, trimmed with black braid and skunk opossum, exclusively designed for Messrs. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and fully described on this page Other expressions of the same model are also indicated

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Insurance on the Co-Operative Principle

The *Joint Stock Companies Journal* for July 7, 1915, points out that at the beginning of 1912 something new in connection with non-hazardous insurances was initiated by the Licenses Insurance Corporation and Guarantee Fund, Ltd. The principle of it is that insurers of non-hazardous risks are grouped together, and themselves enjoy the substantial profits arising from their business. The obvious drawback to a system of the kind is that in the event of any sudden calamity the insurers, if they were forming a mutual insuring group, might find themselves saddled with losses instead of enjoying protection; and this defect is got rid of by means of a guarantee given by the Licenses Insurance Corporation that the fund of the pool shall never in any year be outstripped by claims—a guarantee for which the Corporation receives a premium equal to 5 per cent. upon the income of the fund. In 1912 the income amounted to £4,100 and the policy-holders enjoyed a discount of 7½ per cent., which is, in fact, dividend. In 1913 the income rose to £9,494 and the rate of discount was increased to 10 per cent., and as time goes on and the idea grows upon the public, there is little doubt that it will extend into very much greater figures. Controlled as it is by an insurance company directed by distinguished men of experience, the co-operative principle which is here so happily applied is one that can be fully recommended as deserving of consideration and support.

Soles of Life

In the paragraph in our issue of October 6 giving some particulars of the military soles and heels supplied by Phillips Patents, Ltd., of 142-6, Old Street, E.C., a statement was made that the firm are themselves willing to equip customers' boots with these soles. This, it appears, is not so. What they invite their customers to do, if they cannot procure the soles locally, is to send a pencilled outline of the sole and heel of their boots, in return for which they will receive a set of soles and heels of the right size, together with full instructions for fitting and a packet of the nails required for this purpose. The fitting process is quite simple and inexpensive, and can be done with the aid of the instructions by any bootmaker.

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—that exquisite fragrance which reigns supreme in the dim silence of the English garden, when summer's here—is given to you, in all its natural beauty, by Zenobia

Night-Scented Stock

This Perfume was originated by Zenobia, Ltd.; so also was the lovely

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Each of these is sold at **2/9, 3/11, 5/6 & 11/6.**

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This also is a great favourite among all Ladies who love delicate perfumes.

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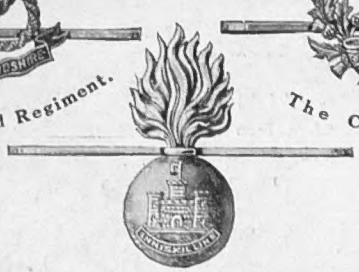

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Badge of any Regiment to order

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The Menu: Cooking en Casserole

ANY dish which requires slow, gentle cooking can be prepared in a casserole, and the flavour of the food thus cooked is far better than if it is stewed in a saucepan. The dishes given below are excellent cooked in this manner.

Beef en Casserole

Fry a good-sized Spanish onion, cut into thin slices, in 2 oz. of butter; as soon as it is a golden colour stir in 2 oz. of flour, and when it is smoothly mixed add gradually, while stirring quickly with a wooden spoon, a pint and a half of nicely flavoured stock (made from bones and vegetables). When the sauce has boiled and thickened, draw the pan to the side of the fire and add a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, a teaspoonful of walnut or mushroom ketchup, a small wineglassful of cooking sherry and sufficient Parisian essence to make it a rich brown. Strain the sauce into an earthenware casserole, and keep it warm until the meat is ready. Cut 1½ lb. of rump steak into neat pieces, and fry them quickly in butter until the meat is just browned on both sides, put it into the prepared sauce, cover it first with buttered paper, then put on the lid of the casserole, and place it in a moderately hot oven for two and a half hours, or allow an extra half hour if it is beef steak and *not* rump. Tomatoes or mushrooms can be cooked separately and added to the contents of the casserole about five minutes before it is taken from the oven. A little finely chopped parsley should be sprinkled over the sauce when the buttered paper has been removed.

Jugged Hare

Cut it into neat joints, dust with flour, and fry in boiling fat till browned. Drain them, and put into a large casserole with one onion, one carrot, one turnip, a little celery salt, lemon rind, and herbs tied in muslin, salt and pepper, fill up the casserole with stock, and let it cook for two and a half to three hours in a good oven. A little before serving, take out the pieces of hare, and keep hot, and thicken the gravy. Put all back and let it again heat in the oven, stir in a wineglassful of sherry, one tablespoonful of red-currant jelly, and twelve small forcemeat balls. Serve in the casserole.

Lamb or Sheep's Liver

Cut about 1 lb. of liver into thin slices and fry it in dripping or butter for a few minutes, add one small onion (previously taking out the liver), and fry in the fat till a nice brown colour, then stir in 1 oz. of flour, and add half a pint of stock or water, and bring to the boil. Pour this over the liver in the casserole and cook in the oven for thirty minutes or longer. If bacon is liked with the liver, the onion can be omitted.

Braised Veal

Neatly trim a piece of veal (a small piece of the loin, boned), and put it into a deep casserole dish with some slices of bacon, some onions and carrots cut in slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, salt and pepper; lay the veal in the centre, and moisten with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours in the oven, occasionally basting the top. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a saucepan, thicken it with butter and flour (a brown roux), and when it has boiled up pour it over the veal and send to table in the casserole.

Irish Stew

Slice one large Spanish onion, and peel and slice two large potatoes. Put these with the onion and salt and pepper into a stewpan, just cover with water, and let them boil until both onion and potatoes are quite soft and mashed up. Now turn them into a deep casserole, and lay on the top some neck of mutton chops, well trimmed of all fat—about six or eight cutlets. Cover them well with the gravy from the potatoes, and add a very little more hot water, if necessary, but it must not be too moist. Now add about twelve potatoes cut in halves, and let all cook in the oven for two hours. Cover closely.

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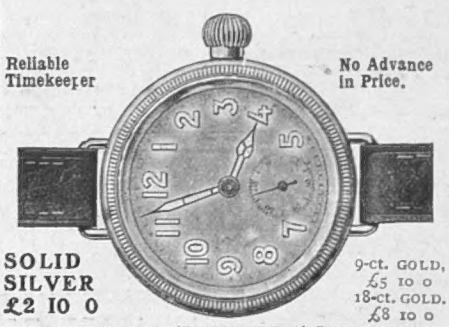

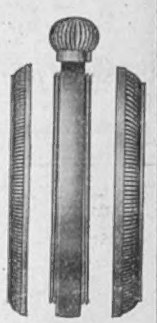

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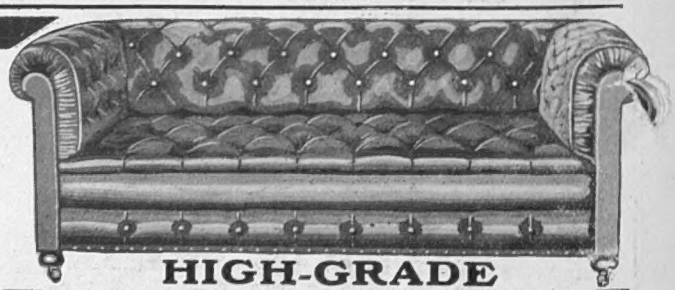

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